BOOKS OF THE DAY UNDER REVIEW.

A Book About the Growth of ance of victory was already turned against his troops, deprived of their leader. Cities by a Well-Known Expert-A Work That Is Both Entertaining and Instructive.

"THE AMBASSADORS"

A New Book by Henry James. "Hawthorne and His Circle," by Julian Hawthorne; "Joy and Power," a Timely and Seasonable Book, by Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

THE AMBASSADORS. By Henry James.
Published by Harper & Brothers, of
New York and London. For sale in
Richmond by the Bell Book and Sta-

tionery Company. ny one who has the slightest appreciation of artistic values will never fail to estimate, on going into a gallery where pictures are hung, the difference between work showing the effect at first hand and work that is just the opposite, for the power of the former is so much greater than that of the latter, -

No one is literary heretic enough not to admit Mr. James' ability as a novelist. He stands at the head of the American school of realism, but his literary canvas is so evidently worked over, so much time and attention is paid to unimportant circumstances and detail that one, in-stead of pausing to admire as one should, stead of pausing to admire as one should, finds the atmosphere a little too thin and rarefied, the level a trifle too monous-nour. One, in short, is wearled on the same principle as Tennyson when he charac-terized a type of beauty as.

"Faulthy faultless, icily regular, spieri-

Dead perfection, nothing more.

Dead perfection, nothing more."
Mr. James, with all his "stylishness" in presentation, would meet with greater appreciation, would be read with much keener delight, if he were a little less faultiess and a great deal more vital. The twentieth century is afflicted with introspection; it is the curse of the present age. Why should a man of Henry James' intellectual acumen give himself over to literary dissection or mental vivisection as he does?

Every emotion is analyzed by him, every thought is hunted down to its source; his men and women are so constantly probing each other's motives and weighing each other's motives and weighing each other's words, that they

seantly probing each other's words, that they seem finally to go around in their little world with a pocket X-ray, which they are dragging out and adjusting on every occasion, great or small.

In such society, a reader is apt to feel the expression greated by a lotty atti-

the oppression produced by a lofty atti-tude, and generally speaking, experiences

tude, and generally speaking, experiences an inclination to return to the human, and with it to the safe relief, even of the common place.

So it is that Mr. ames' very real power is wasted. A story of childhood comes back into mind after an interview with "The Ambassadors." The story is entitled "Knowledge is Power." The subject is discussed between an old man and a young orie, and the conclusion they reach at last may be summed up in the following quotation:

"Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men;

with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their

A BOOK OF GIRLS. By Lillian Bell. Published by L. C. Page and Com-pany, of Boston. For sale by the Boll Book and Stationery Company.

Ball Book and Stationery Company.
Lillian Bell's art in short story writing and in the characterization of the American girl is so well admitted that one may settle down comfortably with one's mind already made up when one takes "A Book of Girls" in one's hand.
This little volume contains four sketches expressed in Miss Bell's specially bright and entertaining way of presenting things—and people. Each story has its particularly good points, but many will feel a preference for the second number, called "The Surrender of Ianwing," and for the fourth, nomed "Garrett Owen's Little Countess."

FLODDEN FIELD. By Alfred Austin.

Published by Harper and Brothers, of New York and London. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company. Price \$1.20.

The poet laureate of England has attuned his harp to loftier strains and strikes in the memorable battle of "Flodger Field", the degree notes of Sectstrikes in the memorable battle of "Flodden Field" the deeper notes of Scotland's tragedy and of England's trumph. The drama is in three acts, the principal personages being Lady Heron, King James IX. of Scotland, the Earl of Burrey, commander of the English army; Margery, Lady Heron's maid, and Sir William, Lady Heron's husband. A climax is reached in the second and third acts. In the third King James IV, in the disguise of a ministrel, woos Lady

third acts. In the third King James IV., in the disguise of a minstrel, woos Lady Heron, who encourages him for her own purposes, being all the while enamored herself of the Earl of Surrey. After encouraging the King, Lady Heron denounces him to her husband. A song, nounces him to her husband. A song, which the King sings to the touching of his lute while making his suit to the lady has a tender old world rhythm. It says:

"Ohl fair are Scotland's birken woods, And fair her becks and burns, When maiden buds fling back their

hoods
And pairing time returns.
But fairer than her mavis groves
And sweeter than her streams,
When loving lad with lassie roves,
Is the lady of my dreams.

"Now were I lord of Stirling town, Or Scotland's sceptred chief,
I would fling down my robe and crown
To share her bilss and grief;
With her to moil in mountain field,
When oaten stooks are deied,
To be her shield thro' darkening weald
Then slumber at her side."

In the third act after the rout of Plod-den Field Lady Heron reveals to Surrey the fact that she lured the Scottish king and kept him at her side until the bal-

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against his troops, deprived or their leader.
Surrey recoils in borrer at her treachery and bitterly denouncing her, rushes from her presence, He aftewards sends her by his soldiers the dead body of James IV. that she may look her fill upon the work of her own hands.

Lady Heron, rendered desperate, stack herself, and one wooful tragedy is followed by another.

The love story of Donald and Margery runs like a bright and beautiful thread through the tangled web of deceit and wrongdoing brought about by the duplielty of Lady Heron and lightens the otherwise gloomy tone of the play.

CALDERON'S PRISONER. By Alles

CALDERON'S PRISONER. By Allee
Duer Miller. Published by Charles
Scribner's Sons, of New York. For
sale by the Bell Book and Stationery
Company. Price, \$1.50.

A picturesque little romance, in which
a New York belle is transplanted to
Santiago, Central America; meets the
commander-in-chief of the army there,
and meets her fate also,
Alfela Lea for this is the young lady's
name, during a detention in the Santiago
harracks, finds time to measure the
young Santiagoan officer by American
standards, greatly to his own advantage.
She is released from imprisonment and
returns to New York and to the requirements of fashionable life; but when the
santiagoan. Don Mariano Calderon. Is
exiled by the President of the Republic,
his brother for service rendered by him
to Senor Luis, Vargas, Miss Lea's hest,
the service being given at Miss Lea's
request, and when the exile follows her
to New York to claim his reward, it is
given in a manner highly satisfactory to
her and to the Santiagoan.

The book is written in a very clever
and pleasing manner, its second story being called "Cyril Vane's Wife." The
motif of this hinges on American social
life and questions.

INCOMPARABLE BELLAIRS. By Allee

INCOMPARABLE BELLARS. By Alice and Ecerton Castle. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

The very title of this book suggests Bath and the delightful old-world atmosphere in which patches, rouge and powder are as natural accompaniments of one's environment as the flow of wit, the supremacy of women and the devotion of men.

Alice and Egerton Castle are wonderful

Alice and Exerton Castle are wonderful workers in the realm of the actual, which they leaven with just enough of romance and imagination as to make it culte frankly entrancing.

The seeker after something that is vasily entertaining will find it in the perusal of the various adventures which beful the "incomparable Bellairs" before she was caught and caged by her cultant lover. fore she was gallant lover.

A LIEUTENANT UNDER WASHING TON By Everett T. Tomilnson. Illustrated by Harold M. Brett. Published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, of Boston. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company. Price

A stirring historical romance of the Revolutionary period, including the campaign in which the battles of Brandywin and Germantown are fought, and ending with the encampment at Valley Forge.

'The hero of the book is Lieutenant Henry Miner; one of the most interesting characters is Hugh, the old trapper, Lieutenant Miner's faithful friend and companion. The story is finely written and is just what a boy would take the greatest pleasure in reading. stirring historical romance of the

WHEN I WAS CZAR. By Arthur W. WHEN I WAS CZAR. By Arthur W.,
Marchmont. Published by Frederick
A. Stokes Company, of New York.
For sale by the Bell Book and Stationefry Company. Price, \$1.50.
A hook of diplomatic experience and
adventure, with the scene laid in Russia
and American audacity and aplomb pitted
against Russian autocracy and machination

tion.

American methods win. The story is a pretty one and the plot well developed. Harper Denver, the hero masters many delicate and difficult situations before he gains his bride. Heiga, but gain he does, though he expresses himself in regard to Russian private and public policy in the following forcible lines:

"Which is why I remark.

"Which is why I remark.

And my language is plain.

That for ways that are dark

And for tricks that are valu.

The Russian at home is peculiar.

And the same I shall hope to explain-another time."

ODD CRAFT. By W. W. Jacobs. ODD CRAFT. By W. W. Jacobs. Published by Charles Scribner's Bons. New York. For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company. Price, \$1.50. An interesting volume of short stories with the breath of salt wind to flavor them and the wonderful experience of the sailor to give them color. The book is dedicated to Jerome K. Jerome, and has very apt and quaint illustrations.

Among other delightful books on the Among other delightly books by the Christmas calendar are "Marah: A Story of Old Virginia," written by W. Ashury Christian, and printed by I. H. Jenkins, of this city, with a pleture of "Liberty Hall" for a frontisplees: "Japanese Art," written by Sadakich! Hartmann and published by L. C. Page and Company, of Boston: "Phil Sidney," by W. W. Hooper, published by the Brooklyn Eagle Press of Brooklyn, N. Y., graphically illustrated and calculated to be very attiractive to young people, Another book is "A Rose of Holly Court," by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, from the Penn Publishing Company, which deserves the highest recommendation in every way.
For little tiny tots "The Book of the Cat." most artistically gotten out by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York, with color illustrations by Elizabeth Bonsall and with text by Mabel Humphreys, is a thing of joy, So also is the "Foxy Grandpa" edition of "Mother Goose," which revives the well-worn rhymes in fascinating dress. Christmas calendar are "Marah: A Story

HAWTHORNE AND HIS CIRCLE. By Julian Hawthorne. Illustrated with sketches, by Mrs, Nathaniel Haw-thorne. Portraits and reproductions of rare prints, etc. Published by Har-per and Brothers, New York and Lon-don, For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

Stationery Company.
Julian Hawthorne writes of his father
with a pen dipt in love's brightest colors.
Autobiographically, he gives us twelve

HOSTETTERS bestitute in presections the Bitters in cases of

Constipation.

Chills, Colds, and Malaria.

Dyspepala, They know it ourse. Give it a trial, also get a copy of our 1804 Almanac from your drugglat. It is froe,

years of delightful reminiscences of Hawthorne, and of those who came in touch with him during that time, beginning with 1840, when Hawthorne was forty-five years old and the son only three.

The year 1840 found Hawthorne deprived, by political chicanery, of his custom house surveyership, which position had for years been his means of support. A dark outlook, no doubt, thought Hawthorne, but if this had not come to pass would we ever have had The Scarlet Lotter? We are taken into the study, "a heavenly place, tenanted by a being possessed of every attribute that our imagination could ascribe to an angel." The homely paper on the wall, the brownish old carpei on the floor, and the old black painted and defaced rocking chair, with the wonderful desk on the table, are tuminous in the son's memory with the sunshine of over fifty years. The dressing gown, with the butterfly pen-wiper, sewed by his wife under the left hand skirt of the gown to keep the writer from defacing its faded beauty, and the slippers, worn down at the heels, are folded away in our memory as sacred to one we love. It is impossible in a limited space to do justice to the charms of the book. We are told at the heginning that it is not intended to include, except incidentally, anything in the way of literary criticism. The various works are monitioned as they are given out from the creator's brain, but the charm of the book is in the incidents of daily life, the sympathy between father afte son, and the meeting of the host of friends, the sympathy between father and son, and the meeting of the host of friends, whose lives touch Hawthorne's during

In 1853 Hawthorne received the Liver-

In MEX Hawtorno receives the Laver pool consulte from President Pierce, and for seven years he and his family lived abroad, always drawing around them an equally delightful cricle, whether in America, England or Rome.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was well namedaman without guile—and was, in his life, as his/son describes him, "the most heautiful of human belines by which I do not mean beautiful in feature, for of that I was not competent to hold an opinion, but beautiful in the feelings which he aroused in one beholding him. He was Seautiful to be with to hear, to touch and experience. Such is the effect of the spiritual sphere of good men, in whom mature and character are harmonious."

PRINCIPLES, OF CITY LAND VAI-UES. By Richard M. Hurd, president of the Lawvers' Mortgags Insurance Company. Published by the Record and Guido, New York.

Mr. Hurd treats the modern city as a living organism. Its business center is heckent to the heart; its streets the arieries; its parks the lungs; its telephone and telegraph where the nervous system. He holds that cities do not grow at random, but that their structural movements, complex and, apparently irregular ast they are, respond to definite principles, the basis of this similarity being that the same factors create all modern cities—commerce and manufactures, with political and a social forces being averywhere operative—the chief difference in influence coming from variations in their relative power.

He distinguishes three general functions performed by urban land. It is used for business, for residence and for public and semi-public, services. Given a certain faced of the considerations have been rather industrial commercial, political or social. That, 'society' of itself croates important centers of population, witness such places as Atlantic City and Passadena. In these cases, of course, climate and natural attractions determine. Political reasons lees frequently decide, though Washington is a conspicuous histonee. Pullman, in Illinois and Essen, in Germany, owe their existen

Scribner's Magazine.

Scribner's Magazine.

Seribner's Magazine for January, beginning its thirty-fifth volume, contains two of the leading features of the coming year, Robert Grant's serial, "The Undercurrent," and Captain Mahan's "The War of 1813."

"A New Valley of Wonders" is a description by F. S. Dellenbaugh, the author and artist, of a valley in Southern Utal, unknown to the general public, which rivals in beauty and grandeur the Yosemite and the Yellowstone.

S. P. Langley, the head of the Smithsonian Institution, reviews the distinctly scientific work which is carried on by nearly every department of the government.

The short stories of the number are

ment.
The short stories of the number are particularly amusing:
"The Seven Studious Sisters," by Mar garet Sherwood, is a pleasing satire on

Everybody's Magazine.

Everybody's Magazine.

Some of the features of Everybody's Magazine are: "And What Will Congress Do?" by Davil B. Henderson, the ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives; "A Christmas Failure," a story, by Maxmillan Foster; "Back to Nature," by Theodore Waters; "Their First Stand," a story, by E. Crayton McCants; "The Pacification of Cebu," a story, by Proderick Walworth; "Our Selfish Citizenship." • 1 e author of "The Web," Frederick Trevor Hill; "School Children the World Over," by Beatriec C. Wilcox; "John W. Gates, the Forgetful Man," by E. M. Kingsbury; "Chin Wouy's Wife," a story, by Henrictta R. Ellot; "The Devouring Element," a sketch, by Eugene Wood; "The Reformation of Michael Doolan," a story, by Anne Story Allen; Intimate Portraits; 1, Richard Strauss; 2, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley; 3, Rev. David H. Greer; 4, Mrs. Augustus C. Hone, formerly Allee Castleman, 5, John Hinchelffe, Mayor of Paterson; "The Ellockite' and the 'Get-Rich-Quick-Man," by S. A. Nelson.

Ainslie's Magazine. Ainslie's Magazine.

The opening story in Ainslie's for January is "The Sloge of San," by Francis Provost. Some of the short stories are: "The Hypothesis of Fallure," by O. Henry; "Amelie de Colonne," by Justus Miles Forman; "A Machiavelli of the Tuhs," by Kate Jordan (Mrs. F. M. Vermilye); "The Will and Mr. Titcomb," by Joseph C. Lincoln; "A Man for a Moment," by Roland Franklyn Andrews; "The Club's Baby Show," by Edward S. Van Zile; "A Love Match," by Sir Oliver Gascoigne, Bart.
There are several poems, and Dorothy

GOOZENHEIMER'S INTERVIEW WITH DOWIE

dot he vos in der throes of a Saint Vitas financial vertigo I replied ad him dot financial vertigo I replied ad him dot I vos pudding mein proberty into mein vife's handts und vould be reaty to meed him fearlessly vidin a few days.

Ven I arrivaled at Zion dare vos eighdeen reporters und ninety-seven chournalists busy "wrighding up," not der blace howefer, bud demsolves, after dey vos ruthlessly tumbled like tenpins into a guard house.

"Gutten morgen und ich-dieni Alexander." I set, ven I handled meinself to his presence.

his presence.
"Ah, Goozie, he set, "peace be unto

"I' vos a velcome," I set, "peaces be multiplication table undo thee; but told me." I continuationed. "who efer hat been se hadeful as to lef der door ut your banking house onen und allowance such a draft to hand your financials such frost-bittingness?"
"Goozle," he set, going through his whole vocabulary to find out a vord dot fitted der crime, and to vich I am bledged nefer to udder, "recollection dis, dot dese — pots cannot pud Vowle der Destroyer into der slough; I am bedding your life dot dey cannot."
"Doan'd you tinks," I set, "dot If you could ged a couble uf strong canal boats dot you could float your indebtedness un thus stens der tide; remembrance people say you vos der sign uf der dimes und der sign makes you look like dis 5."
"Vot beople set vos nuttings' to me." he set, picking anudder vord from his vocabularys vich I am bledged to secrecy aboud.
"Vos your bank insolvent or bankruptcy?" I inquisitioned.
"Ah! dare id is, dare is dare fickieness of human nature," he set. "To-day ve receife \$5,000 in checks. Goot," set I; "gif mein beoples anudder herring, but attention yourself to-morrow. Ah! to-morrow dose checks, mind you, gome back mit 'no funds,' und 'parties unknown blastered all ofer dem. Now, however can business be dit mit such a business like dot, checks drawn to-day and widdrawn to-morrow. To-day doy juff me, to-morrow dey gif me an apoplexy py dare aggleness."
Suttenly a reporter dot hat crawled through de cracks up der clapboards vos now in our midst.
"Look you dere! Now look you dare at dot stupid deg," exclamationed Vowie, mit der angers sveeping ofer his frame like a vind cloud.
"Doan'd you dinks!" exclamationed I: "dot a first-class vood turner could be engaged to turn things to your and der chournalist hat reasons to prove id.
"Doan'd you dinks!" exclamationed I: "dot a first-class vood turner could be engaged to turn things to your dere intohes mit a hat rim? Not on your negative! Do you see any ut mein men bouncing dare intellects ofer der sidewalks ad midnight und turning dare lit

shoud me. Suttenly a visie blew und eighdy-six

higher education for women; illustrated in colors. "The Revel of the Sacred Cats," by a new writer, P. L. Allen, describes a remarkable achelvement by a college banjo club; with illustrations by May Wilson-Watkins, printed in tint. "On the Trail of a Go-Cart," by Ann Devoore, is a love story, "How Papadoff Crossed the Frontier," by Fredsiek Palmer, deals with some Bulgarian revolutionists. "The Major Gets Even," by Ewan Maepherson, is a tale of heroism in a Kentucky town.

MAKES BREAD THAT FATTENS

BAKING POWDER

Zionists vos round und aboud me, making me a sigx days go like you vould to der guard house mit mein tempers sending a dizzinesses ofer mein face.

Dot afternoon ven Vowie came around to lick der press dot he had pressed into der chalinouse he set to his men, "Escort dese yellow dogs beyond our limits und show dem no quarter either."

"Nefer fear, overseer," set a voice uf der guard, "vo haven't seen von for two years."

der guard, "vo haven't seen von for two years."

"Yarts dot," roared Vowie, mit his veiters making a poccupine uf his face, "let dot man be decapitated right avay. I, Vowie der Destroyer, vill nefer listen to such usurpations uf his power. Nefer!"

Ven I und der press escaped to Chicago I vos in doubt vather I vished to be back in der challhouse in Zion City or stay in Chicago. Anyvey, after gifing der matter deep deliberation id deserfed mit der doubt in favor uf der challhouse, I gaf ub der idea uf both blaces for a train to mein homes in Chamaica Blains, U. S. Mass., vare environments make der veighing uf der matter I veighed in Chicago a foolish ridiculousness.—Boston Glebo.

VIRGINIA CADETS WILL ATTEND ST. LOUIS FAIR

Colonel John S. A. Johnson, command-Colonel John S. A. Johnson, command-dant of cadets at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Va., has asked the committee on ceremonles for a week or ten days in June between the first and tweifth of the month for the cadet corps of that institution. He says in his letter: "We hope to have between five and six hundred cadets, besides professors, post graduates and servants. Our corps of cadets consists of six infantry companies, one light battery of artillery, cadet band, staff, signal corps, bugle and drum corps."

staff, signal corps, bugle and drum corps."
The request of Colonel Johnson will be granted.
Major Frank A. Hess, U. S. A., commandant at the Sowthern Normal University, Huntington, Tenn., asks that accommodations be reserved for seventy-five cadets of that school for ten days, commencing with June 25th.

The statue of Thomas Jefferson, which is to hold one of the places of honor in the cascade gardens, is to be made by Charles Grafly, instead of J. G. A. Ward. The change was made at the request of Mr. Ward himself, because his advanced age, coupled with the demand on his time already existing, prevented him from executing the commission. Charles Grafly is one of the most famous of American sculptors. Grafly is one of American sculptors.

Napoleon.

This is the man the world once dreaded, But now in the ground he lies buried, For many years the French army he led, And away his enemies always fled.

He attacked the Austrians with shot and shell, And the scent of the powder everybody could smell; He next captured Madrid, the capital of

And everything that he could retain.

Then into Russia he marched his force, But, for want of food, he turned to the coast. Next the Prussian camp he burned, The name, Napoleon, everybody soon learned.

The Egyptians fought him on the old battlefield.
But at last were forced to yield;
And Switzerland soldlers had to send
And their money to him, they always did

To stay away, Turkey paid him well.

They didn't want to hear cannon an shell. shell.
The ancient city of Rome he took right away,
And the French flag waved o'er it the next day.

The battle of Marengo he won again, And Jena gave him everlasting fame; The German empire he wanted to take, And about it he did not hesitate.

He was defeated, after all the victories

By the brave and noted General Welling. ton; Surrender Napoleon was compelled to do, And give up the countries he captured, Original. HERBERT PERKINSON.

SPECIAL LOW RATES TO ATLANTA, GA., VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY. Account of annual meeting Southern Account of annual meeting Southern Educational Association, December 20th to January 1st, the Southern Railway announces rate of one first class fare for the round trip, plus 52.25, including membership fee. Tickets on sale December 20th; final limit, January 3d, Through trains, fast schedules, excellent service, C. W. WESTBURY.

All the Books

reviewed above and as published on sale.....

Miller & Rhoads, Book Section.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fall to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot

Mark Antony'S Address.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Shnkespeare play of Julius Caesar, from which the following extract is, takes, was first published in 1623 in the funous first follo, seven years after the death of William Shakespeare of Stratford its previous history is unknown. The plot is founded on the conspiracy whereby Julius Caesar lost his life. The author of the play got his material from translations of Plutarch's lives by North. North made his translation from a Fronch translation of Plutarch's Greek. The dramatist followed the Plutarch narrative quite closely. Consequently Caesar is not a great figure in the play. Plutarch's Caesar is considered one of the most unsatisfactory of the "Lives."

Mark Antony's address is, so scholars think, the masterplees of oratory in prose or postry.

Mark Antony's address is, so scholars think, the masterpiece of oratory in prose or poetry.

The Lupercal was a great Roman holiday celebrated in the middle of February.

The Nervil, an ancient ribe of the Beigic Gauls, were defeated in 57 B C.

Mark Antony, whose full name was Lucius Marcus Antonius, was born \$2 B C.

and died in 20 B C. He was a general of repute, helped Caesar got supreme power in Rome, was consul in 47 B C. and one of the tree rulers of the world in 48 B C.

With Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, he was defeated by Octavius Augustus at the battle of Actium, and thus lost everything.

Marcus Junius Brutus was born n 85 B C. and died in 45 B C. He was first an adherent of Pompey, then of Cuesar, then a member of the conspiracy to distry/Caesar. With Calus Longinus Caesius he was defeated at the battle of Philippi in 42. He killed himself shortly after.

Publius Servillus Creen was the first to plunge a knife in Caesar.

The portrait we publish this mornine has already appeared before, along with the biographical sketch of Shatespeare. There are five augustaphs of Shakespeare in existence, but they are all attached to legal documents. There is no Shakespeare manuscript.



FRIENDS, Romans, countryment lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious,
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man. For Brutus is an honorable man, So are they all, all honorable men,— Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me: But Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man. He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Caesar seem ambitious!
When that the poor have cried, Caesar bath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, And Brutus is an honorable man. You all did see, that, on the Lupercal, I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man, And, sure, he is an honorable man,
I speak not to dispreve what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, And I must pause till it comes back to me.

But yesterday the word of Caesar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence. O Masters! If I were disposed to stir And none so poor to do anni reverence.

O Masters! if I were disposed to atir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather chose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the scal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds.
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this mantle; I remember The drst time ever Caesar put it on; Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent; That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look! In this place ran Cassinus' dagger through, See what a rent the envious Casca made; Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed, And, as he plucked his eursed steel away, Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it As rushing out of doors, to be resolved If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no; For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel; Judge, O, ye gods, how dearly Caesar loved him! This was the most unkindest cut of them all; For when the noble Caesar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart; And, in his mantle, mufiling up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statua, Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! O, what a fall was there, my countryment. Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, Whilst bloody treason flourished over us. Oh! now you weep; and I preceive you feel Oh! now you weep; and I preceive you feel. The dint of pity;—these are gracious drops. Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold Our Caesar's vesture wounded? look ye here! Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up Good friends, sweet friends, tet me not sur you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I can be overtor as Brutne is: I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no crator as Brutus is;
But as you all know me, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friends; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him,
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood;—I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

This series began in the Times-Dispatch Sunday Oct. 11, 1903. One is published each day.

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Account Southern Educational Association, Atlanta, Ga., December 29, 1903, January 1, 1904.

On account of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta and return at raite of one fare, plus 13.25, which includes membership fee. Tickets on sale properties of the undersigned.

Gally, With "Dining Cars," leave to not a count of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta on a return too a count of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of August 1903, January 1, 1904.

Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of Educational Associations of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of Fund Feture at the of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of Fund Feture at the of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of Fund Feture at the of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of Fund Feture at the of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of Fund Feture at the of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of Fund Feture at the of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of Atlanta of the Atlanta of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all stations on its lines to Atlanta of the above occasion the Scaboard will sell tickets from all the sell t

to the undersigned,
H. S. LEARD,
District Passenger Agent,
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Highmond, Va.